Special Treatment

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Special Treatment

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will is having some issues with his genitalia caused by his testosterone injections. Hannibal wants to help, and make Will's treatment more enjoyable for the both of them. They try out some Doctor/Patient roleplay ;)

Kinktober Day 29: Medical Play

Notes

I AM NOT A GYNECOLOGIST!! ALL THE INFO I HAVE HERE IS FROM MY OWN DOCTORS AND FROM VARIOUS ARTICLES I'VE READ!

If you are experiencing symptoms like Will's please seek out a doctor, do not rely on this work of fiction for treatment options!!!!!

Will's genitals are referred to as: vagina/ canal, hole, vulva, and cock/dick.

See the end of the work for more notes

“What’s wrong, Will?”

The question had come as a surprise, Will not realizing he had been scowling down at his mailed results from the gynecologist.

“I, uh-“ Will cleared his throat, feeling awkward and uncomfortable talking about this, even with his husband. “I got my results back from the gynecologist. Um- from when I went to see her about my cramping after penetration.”

Hannibal quirked his brow, sitting down in the chair opposite Will, taking his hand to show he was there to listen if he so wished to speak.

Will stared at the paper for a few more moments before dropping it down on the table and sliding it over to Hannibal. He knows that Hannibal should be made aware of this, because it might affect their sex life drasticly.

“Vaginal Atrophy.” Hannibal read aloud, watching Will’s face carefully when he said the next words, “Your gynecologist gives proper explanations as to why it’s happened to you—low estrogen from your HRT—but she wants you back to explain treatment options.”

“I don’t want to.” Will snaps out as soon as Hannibal is done speaking. Hannibal looks up at him, an understanding look on his face, but Will still clarifies, “Go back, I mean.”

“You don’t have to, mylimasis.” Hannibal runs his thumb over Will’s knuckle in a soothing gesture.

“Won’t it only get worse if we ignore it?” Will’s anxiety could be heard clear as day in his voice.

“We won’t ignore it.” Hannibal’s voice turned to that serious, doctor tone as he spoke, the voice always makes Will shiver in pleasure, but he’ll never admit it. “I know just how to treat this, and since we’ve caught this so early, I have full confidence that all of your treatments will be able to occur here at home.”

Will gave him a slight smile before standing, thanking him, and heading to bed. It was obvious to Hannibal that his beloved was feeling intimidated, and overwhelmed by all of this.

So, he left Will to some alone time in the next room as he pulled up his IPad, doing a quick search for local stores that sold the items he knew they’d need to help Will not only feel better, but start to reverse some of the damages done to his vaginal canal.

He also wrote out a prescription for Will, and tucked it away for tomorrow morning, when he would bring it into the local pharmacy to be filled.

Hannibal flipped down the cover on the IPad, calling it good, now that he knows he can get all his supplies from the pharmacy just in town, but he hesitates a moment.

He goes down the list of things he's sure they'll need, and it's all accounted for. Yet, he feels like he's missing something that Will might need.

He thinks back to their conversation, jogging his memory of anything that his brain might be hung up on.

And he feels a shudder run through him when he remembers. His darling Will is affected by his doctor voice… how could he forget.

So his brain supplies what he subconsciously knew that he'd missed.. scrubs and the iconic white coat. He knows that he won't be able to find them at the drugstore, so he opens his IPad again and goes to a medical supply company he has worked with before.

With his valid license, Hannibal ordered some individually packaged scrubs in his size, and one white coat that he was sure was high quality. He gets to checkout and selects next day shipping, hoping to explore not only this kink soon, but also start Will's road to recovery soon.

He covers his IPad with a self satisfied smirk, his fingers smoothing over the table gently before standing. He corrects his expression before turning, heading back to his husband in their bedroom. He slips into the covers beside him, and Will scoots over so he can use Hannibal's chest as a pillow.

Hannibal allows himself a pleased smile, stroking through Will's hair slowly. He cannot wait to see what his marvelous boy will do about this.

Ever curious.

….

When Hannibal returned from work (and the drugstore) at 5:30, he was shocked to find his package not at the door. He unlocked the front door with his bag of goods in his other hand.

When he entered the house, making a straight shot towards the study, he realized immediately that his package had indeed been delivered, and Will wore it on the curious, suspicious look on his face. He smirked at the older male before nudging the package with his dangling foot closer to where Hannibal stood.

"I'm sorry, I had opened it before I realized it wasn't the new toys I ordered for the dogs."

He glanced down to the package, then back to his husband's relaxed form laid out on their loveseat. Will just watched as Hannibal set down the small shopping bag he'd been holding, then leaned down to retrieve the open package.

The contents appeared to be untouched, and Hannibal could still feel Will's eyes on him as he pulled one of the scrubs out, the plastic of the packaging crinkling as he moved it around in his hands, checking the sizing.

"Well, Dr. Lecter? Do you care to explain yourself?" Will teased, kicking off his shoes so he could put his feet up on the small sofa without getting an earful from his husband about

dirtying his nice furniture.

“We’ve never discussed medical play, but I hoped this might be a way to introduce it. If you’re open to it, I think it might help make this experience much more enjoyable for you.”

“You were sure enough that I’d consent that you went through the trouble of ordering the whole uniform.” Will’s voice was light, and a smug smirk was plastered on his face, so Hannibal knew that his husband wasn’t upset about this in the slightest.

“You shiver at just my professional tone of voice, mylimasis.” Hannibal demonstrated, changing his voice to one he would use with an everyday patient. “So I hope you don’t find it too forward to presume that you might enjoy playing patient.”

Will’s eyes dilated in his obvious interest, but he managed to suppress the other physical responses that often came along with his husband using such a tone to speak with him.

“What’s in the bag?” Will acknowledged with a stern, curious voice and nod of his head, grasping at straws to redirect Hannibal’s heavy attention somewhere else as he recovered from the sudden attack.

“Estrogen suppositories, applicators, and some silicone dilators.” Hannibal would much rather be transparent with Will now, because he knows that it will make this experience much easier if there’s a high level of communication between them.

“Is this a typical treatment for what I have? Estrogen?” Will asked, hoping Hannibal would continue to be honest with him.

“The Estrogen suppository is a typical treatment, yes. It’s a prescription that I’ve written for you. There’s also a more common cream we could try. This suppository is to be inserted into the vagina with the applicator, I can teach you how to do this alone if you’d like. The dilators are optional, and I will not tell you to use them if you do not wish to.”

“The, um, dilators.. Can I see them?”

Hannibal reached over into the bag he had set down and pulled out the box that contained 4 different sizes of dilators. He closed the distance, asking Will to move his legs with a small tap, he sat next to him on the couch.

He handed the box to Will, and watched patiently as Will read over the description of the dilators on the back of the box. There’s also helpful pictures. “So… these are basically just fancy dildos to make me loose again?”

Hannibal couldn’t help the affectionate sigh that slipped out at Will’s response.

However Will would look at them, he just wanted to make this more comfortable for his husband, so, he was willing to play along with thinking of them as ‘fancy dildos’.

Though, he felt as a Doctor, it was only right to inform Will what dilators were actually meant for.

“They’re medical tools, designed to help vulva owners stretch out the walls of the vagina and relax the surrounding muscles.”

“They’re not sex toys?!” Will laughed out on instinct, shocked that the phallic object has an actual use in the medical world.

Hannibal shook his head with a soft smile. They sure as hell could be used like sex toys, especially these silicone ones. But, he doesn’t want Will to get his hopes up with how painful penetrative sex has been for him recently.

Will sets down the box, and reaches into the sack again, pulling out the small paper bag from the pharmacy.

He rips open the staple holding the bag closed, and takes out the prescription inside. There’s a small bag with a label describing the product as just “applicators,” and a package of vaginal suppositories designed specially to relieve the symptoms of vaginal atrophy.

Hannibal watches patiently, waiting for a reaction from Will. He can tell his mind is spinning, but he can’t tell if it’s from anxiety or anticipation.

“How will this affect my shots?” Will asks, his voice just slightly tighter than normal.

“You will still absorb the full effects of your testosterone as long as you keep up your intake of Zinc,” Hannibal reaches out and places his hand comfortingly on Will’s forearm. “The estrogen in these suppositories will have very little effect on anything other than your genitals.”

Will nods his head, confident that Hannibal knows what he’s talking about. He has been here for a good majority of shots, and was there when Will was in recovery from his top surgery. Hannibal had even insisted on doing it himself, but Will immediately turned that down with a hard no. He plans to stay far, far away from any of Hannibal’s scalpels. But, the fantasy is still nice, and Hannibal had treated him to his fully unorthodox bedside manners during recovery.

Will has a feeling that this treatment will be just as unorthodox, and it sends a shiver down his spine. Hannibal notices, and the devious grin that adorns his face nearly makes Will roll his eyes.

“I’m shocked you didn’t order any patient gowns.” Will admits, bringing back this kinky proposition Hannibal brought up.

Hannibal seems to have thought about this possibility before, and replies, “Perhaps another time.”

Will laughs, and leans in to kiss his doctor husband, handing over the prescription when Hannibal reaches for them.

“I should shower before we start,” Will pulls back to speak, “I got pretty dirty today, it would probably be more hygienic if I showered.”

“We’re on your time, mylimasis.” Hannibal leans in to kiss him gently, explaining that this is something that Will should have control not only over pacing but also timing. His comfort is above all.

“We’ll start after my shower, how about that?” Will proposes, “That way we have time to play, and still make dinner afterwards.”

Hannibal agrees to this plan, it makes no difference to him when, if at all today. Will heads up the stairs after one last parting kiss, and Hannibal follows once he hears water running. He takes with him both the box of new medical clothing, and the bag containing Will’s prescription.

While Will showers, Hannibal sets up their scene. He changes into his new outfit, and even adds in a medical mask on his face. The latex gloves are just as unnecessary as the rest of it, but he sets a box of them on their nightstand beside his other materials.

Hannibal plans to use the bed like a medical chair, so he makes sure that it’s clean. Will returns just as he’s re-tucking in the covers, standing in the entrance with just his towel.

“Good evening, Mr. Graham.” Hannibal greets, “Please, come in.”

Will smirks, not entirely surprised that Hannibal is already playing into his role as doctor, now that they’re both ready. He enters the bedroom and moves to sit on the bed like he would at the doctor’s, but he adjusts his towel to cover his groin.

“Would you like to tell me a little more about what brings you in today?” Hannibal stands in his uniform, speaking through his face mask. His voice is so professional and kind, and Will feels his heart flutter at it.

Will hesitates a minute, then looks to the nightstand to find the objects that Hannibal had purchased for him.

“My gynecologist diagnosed me with vaginal atrophy, caused by my years of hormone therapy. I’ve come in to seek treatment.” Will explains, fiddling with the golden band around his ring finger.

Hannibal moves over to snap on a pair of blue surgical gloves, and motions towards Will once he’s got them on, “Would you mind if I take a look?”

Will agrees, and shifts his body so he’s resting on his elbows with his legs bent up on the bed. Hannibal moves over, and removes Will’s towel, setting it just to the side. “What are your symptoms?” The doctor asks in an interesting, but professional tone.

Will takes a deep breath, and spreads his legs farther when Hannibal reaches down to spread him slightly. “Mostly cramping during and after sex—ah, penetration, specifically—but I also have been having problems getting wet.”

Hannibal nods as he inspects Will’s pink flesh, “Have you had these issues in the past?”

Will laughs, “Not at all. My husband is very good at making me wet… I was nervous when I started drying up. We use lubricants now.”

Hannibal nods understandingly, running a gloved finger over Will’s dry vulva. “Vaginal atrophy is not entirely uncommon, and it’s very treatable.”

Will sighs, dropping down onto his back instead of his elbows. “What are my treatment options, doctor?”

Hannibal smirks under his mask, pleased that Will is playing along with his role as a patient.

“Vaginal creams, and vaginal suppositories are common options for treatment. I would also recommend dilators for those who are experiencing pelvic pain.” Hannibal explains, prepping the applicator with Will’s new prescription. “Treatment is simple, and can be done at home. I will teach you how to use them here, if you’d like?”

Will nods, turning his attention towards Hannibal’s hands, where he now holds lubricant, and an applicator that contains a single suppository. “Use plenty of lubricant, and go slowly when you insert.”

Hannibal brings the applicator down towards Will’s hole, and rubs the tip over the opening to spread the lube around. “Take a deep breath for me.” Hannibal instructs, and Will follows, bracing himself for some degree of pain.

What follows, though, is painless. The applicator is thin, and barely even touches his tender vaginal walls. It’s just a second more, and the device is removed. Will opens his eye again, and watches Hannibal set the wet applicator aside.

“That wasn’t too hard,” Will admits, letting his knees drop down to spread him farther. “I’m more nervous about the dilators.”

Hannibal nods, and picks up the smallest size for Will to see. “This is the size I recommend for the first week or so. You’ll feel only slight discomfort.”

Will takes it from Hannibal, and turns it in his hand a few times. “Will you show me how to use it?” It’s damn simple, and Will could certainly figure it out, but he doesn’t want this fantasy to be over yet.

Hannibal takes the silicone dilator from Will, and drizzles lubricant on it like he would a dildo. He uses his gloved hand to spread the lube over the surface area.

“Just like with the applicator, you’ll want to go slow,” Hannibal explains, bringing the dilator down to press it against Will’s vagina.

It’s slender, and Will doesn’t feel much until it’s fully seated inside him, and he can clench around it. He gasps when his walls part after contracting. It’s not exactly pleasurable, and Will thinks that Hannibal can tell.

He holds the tool still with one hand, and placed the other reassuringly on his knee. “It’s best to start with shorter, more frequent sessions. Let’s aim for five minutes with this one.”

Will nods his head, taking a deep breath and closing his eyes. He tries not to think about it much, but it's hard to distract himself in such a moment that demands he be present. Only a second more effort to disassociate, and he's pulled from his mind with a familiar feeling.

His eyes snap open and he groans, pulling himself up so he can look at Hannibal, face buried between his thighs. He's pulled down his face mask, and has taken to passing these long five minutes with oral sex.

The things that had pulled Will out of his mind were the long begging strokes of Hannibal's tongue along his dick. It stands erect, showing his arousal despite his dryness. Hannibal flicks his tongue over the nub multiple times, warming it up to being touched. He's gentle when he closes his lips around the growth, pressing his tongue along the underside.

The hood covering the most sensitive part of Will's dick gets pulled back when Hannibal brings his gloved hand up to expose it. He just uses his lips and gentle suction against the sensitive tip, which makes Will gasp in pleasure.

Hannibal lets the hood fall, and takes the whole thing into his mouth again, bobbing his head to tease the whole length. Will groans, and his hips stutter in an effort to chase the suction of Hannibal's mouth.

This just causes Hannibal to pull back and speak, "Mr. Graham, please refrain from moving too much while the dilator is inserted."

Will groans, bringing his hand down to find the back of Hannibal's head. He threads his fingers into Hannibal's hair, and pulls insistently down so Hannibal's nose connects with the front of his pelvic bone. Will can feel Hannibal's breath out of his mouth onto the top of his hood, but Hannibal doesn't take him back into his mouth.

"Please, Doctor Lecter," Will begs, relishing in the way the name rolls off his tongue. His accent has always stuck out more when he uses Hannibal's formal title. "I won't move."

Hannibal accepts this, taking it as a promise. He opens his mouth and takes Will into his mouth again, bobbing only slightly to ensure the suction he's created doesn't break.

Will's cock only grows more with the sucking, and Hannibal accepts the swelling with enthusiasm. He's careful not to move the dilator within Will's body, and relies solely on his mouth to pleasure his patient-husband.

Will becomes more vocal the longer Hannibal sucks, and his walls constrict down onto the dilator inside of him. This must be what is causing him pain during sex. Any time he's in a state of pleasure, his walls squeeze together around whatever is inside of him. Hopefully these dilators will help stretch him out.

One particular clench when Hannibal increases his speed, causes Will to vocalize his discomfort, "It hurts, Hannibal."

He pulls back at the mention of pain, and demands with a contained huff, "Tell me the time."

Will's chest is heaving when he looks over at his alarm clock, "It's just now 6:30."

Hannibal nods, and praises while he removes the dilator just as slowly as he inserted it, "You've done very well for me today, Mr. Graham. I hope these treatments help relieve your pains for you and your husband."

"This isn't for my husband. He'd be completely content taking it up the ass for the rest of his life if my canal closed." Will teased, spreading his legs wider now that the pain is relieved.

"Sounds like a very lucky man." Hannibal smirked, diving back down to kiss along Will's inner thigh. He removes his gloves, and allows his warm hands to grip onto Will's thighs for support as he lays out on the bed, between Will's legs. Will hums his approval at this.

"My husband's a doctor," Will starts, petting through Hannibal's hair as he continues to pamper his legs with kisses, "He has such an intimate knowledge of human anatomy, that oftentimes I forget that he doesn't share my same one. He knows exactly how to make me feel like I'm not the minority."

Hannibal takes Will into his mouth again, not daring to dip his tongue any further down, because he's sure that Will is still sore from being stretched. He instead uses his tongue to massage the underside of Will's cock, bobbing his head gently.

Will takes one of his tender nipples between his fingers, and focuses on the feeling of Hannibal between his thighs. He tries to just let his hand rest on his head, but he's sure he's influencing Hannibal's pace by how much he's accidentally pulling and pushing.

Will's hips buck when Hannibal does a long pull, popping his cock out of his mouth with an audible noise. Will tries not to curse, but it's right on his tongue when his husband takes him back into his mouth. He tugs on Hannibal's hair, pushing his nose into his pelvis, and forcing Hannibal to swallow him all the way down.

Hannibal doesn't waver in his movements, even in his inability to breathe. He's just as enthusiastic, and gives Will's swollen cock the treatment it deserves. Will's back arches, and it doesn't flatten out again as Hannibal latches on, tongue working around the tip of the nub.

Will's whole body shivers, and he warns Hannibal that he's close with pleads of 'Doctor Lecter,' and mixed profanities. Hannibal allows Will to use his mouth, keeping suction heavy, and his tongue moving. It's with a whine that Will pulls Hannibal in by pressing his thighs together, and his orgasm crashes over him.

Hannibal continues sucking until Will's thighs open for him to move, his cock sensitive and red with swelling from suction. Hannibal kisses down Will's legs until he's off the bed again. He strips off his clothes one article at a time, and Will can't help but tease, "Isn't this a little inappropriate, Doctor?"

Hannibal smiles. A real smile full of teeth, and crow's feet wrinkling his eyes. He joins his exhausted husband on the bed, his voice full of teasing, "I'm all for the unorthodox, Mr. Graham."

Will kisses Hannibal, climbing over him even with his jelly bones. Hannibal kept on his boxers when he stripped out of his new uniform, so Will has to make an effort to pull them down.

Will starts by using his hands, stroking his leaking husband slowly. Hannibal provides all the self lubrication that he could ever need, so Will doesn't even need to find some. He ducks his head down, kissing the tip of Hannibal's dick in an appreciative manner.

"Usually, my husband is the only one who gets this treatment." Will admits, keeping the act going, even though Hannibal has seemed to forget about it. He takes the doctor into his mouth, long and slow until he hits the back of his throat. Then, he stops, buried down onto Hannibal.

Hannibal takes a moment to realize what it is Will is asking for, but once he does, he springs to action. He brings both his hands down to brace against Will's head, and rolls his hips up. There's not much more room for his cock to go, and so his movements are small. It's less like face-fucking, and more like grinding up into Will's throat.

Will swallows him down gracefully, keeping his throat open and his breathing steady as he takes Hannibal all the way. He's had some practice taking Hannibal's cock, and it comes in handy in situations like this.

He holds still, allowing Hannibal to take what he needs, and Will has to admit that he must've been doing something right, because he doesn't last long. Hannibal comes with a groan, and one last forceful buck of his hips, making Will take everything down.

Will nearly chokes on it, and pulls back with a gasp and a nasty cough. Hannibal just watches as his fascinating husband recovers, analyzing with loving eyes the scene before him.

Will is absolutely beautiful. Hannibal often wonders if he's a marble statue come to life. Surely, he was sculpted of the finest clay by talented hands. Will is a walking masterpiece.

Hannibal tries not to become sentimental, but it's hard not to when these thoughts plague his mind constantly. Will notices his husband's appreciation, and leans up to kiss him. It's short and sweet.

They lie down together, limbs interlocked, and bodies smashed as close as possible. The lazy kisses only last a few minutes before conversation sparks.

"We'll have to order those patient gowns for next time," Will teases, "that'd be really hot, wouldn't it?" Hannibal can tell that Will is being extremely sarcastic, but he replies in that sappy way he's been inclined to for years now.

"You look exquisite in everything, mylimasis. Even the atrocitus medical gowns." Hannibal buries his nose into Will's hair and inhales, smiling when Will lets out a half hearted sigh.

"Thank you for this… I really didn't want to go back to that gynecologist." Will admits, draping his hand over Hannibal's bicep.

Hannibal responds with a gentle kiss to his temple, one that lingers longer than necessary. They both know Hannibal is willing to do much more than play Doctor to make Will happy. So, so much more.

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!